MR. DOOLEY ON THE CORONATION

BY F. P. DUNME.







Do you know, young man. be said, hat I would give every dollar I have the world, and be glad of the chance, ild only be 30 years of age to-

nighty fine thing to be a million-

want dascerbe to to ye. All his life long a ling in a life come to the come to

The principal of the pr

"God Almighty Has No Gift So Sweet as Youth."

(Washington Post.)

"One Christmas eve, about a dozen years ago," said a newspaper man, "I was sent by my paper to see the late John Mackay about a big cable deal that was then in process of formation. It was showing hard and about so clock at night when I reached the place where Mr. Mackay was living. I found him in a magnificent suite in a Pifth avenue family hotel. He was sitting before an open fire, in smoking lacket and slippers, all alone. All of the members of his family were abroad. I had been so often to see him that he knew me pretty well by that time and lasisted upon my removing my overcoat and snuggling up to the grate fire.

youth!" and he repeated the word in a dreamy sort of way, as if he enjoyed the very sound of it.
"When I left the presence of that fine, sagacious man on that snowy shape that would permit of his ing about it. He was in a more ersational humor on this Christmas than I had ever found him, and he with my lot than I had been for a long lot of questions about the

"There was an old neighbor of mine down in Kentucky," said Representative Wheeler of that state to the Washington Post, "who went out west. When he came back he was very much impressed with the fact that the Indians, to quote his own words, "were powerful fond of whisky."
"How did you fied that out?" I asked him.
"Well," he said, "there was an old ohief out there who offered me every-

With the inconsequence of youth. I imbled something about 30 being a city good age, but I added that it d always struck me that it would well, he said, there was an other out there who offered me everything he had for a pint of whisky. He offered me his blanket, then his saddle and bridle, and finally his pony, if I would only give him my pint flask."

'Did you let him have it?' I asked. "'No. indeed,' was the emphatic re-ply. 'I only had one pint left,' "

Anent the almost total extinction of the great bears that a few years ago made Wall street trading a thing of the great pears that a few years ago made was a very broad smile on his made Wall street trading a thing of such vigor and picturesqueness, relates the New York Times, a conversal my wife to live in this country the meritand he laughed aloud. Yet struck me that there was something the time? and he laughed aloud. Yet struck me that there was something the time in his tone, although, of urse, he meant to be taken as only blurs, and picturesqueness, relates the New York Times, a conversal tion on the stock exchange floor a few days ago contained a story of James the time of the most noted bull baiters of the street.

At the time spoken of Connor was the guest of Mr. Keene at the latter's ing it to me."

Russell Sage at 86.

Toil, He Says, Is the Panagea For Man's Discontent. (New York Press.)

Wearing an old suit, an old straw hat, an old pair of shoes, and tapping the floor with an old hickory stick, an old man walked into his office at 31 Nassau street at 10:45 a. m. yesterday. As he closed the door behind him a quick glance took in a group of clerks locking the way to his private office There was a twinkle in his bright, clear eyes. "Well, what's wrong?" he asked. "Why aren't you all at your desks?"

asked. "Why area't you all at your desks?"

The leader of the group held out his hand. "We want to congratulate you on your 86th birthday, Mr. Sage."

"Oh, don't bother about a trifle like that," said the financier, taking the extended hand. "You know, a boy like me has no time to think of his age when there's work to be done."

A minute later Mr. Sage stood before his desk. He was smiling and rubbing his hands with pleasure. He turned and called his secretary. "It looks as if my friends remember me, doesn't it?" said he, nodding toward a pile of telegrams. "Nice thing, indeed. A youngster like me coming down with the best intentions for a hard day's work, only to be reminded that Russell Sage is 86 years old. Why, he's not out of his teens yet."

Despite the fact that the bulky pile of yellow slips was increased greatly.

ease. However, some further investigation and careful autopsy have shown that a great many of the birds have been killed by internal cramp, caused, almost certainly, by eating frozen heather tops. It is a fertile cause of death to the grouse. There is also every reason to suppose that multitudes of the early partridge broods and many of the wild pheasants nestlings must have been killed, the latter by the severe cold, and the former by the heavy thunder showers.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE FELLOW WHO HAD A FRIEND WHO KNEW A GIRL WHO HAD A FRIEND.

BY GEORGE ADE.







mainder ale in his cellar almost spoiling, and decided to get rid of it without deciding the railing and joked to get rid of it without deciding the railing and joked with the ticket agent about his spiritude. The next morning, when he was rambiling over his estate, he came across a to party of workmen. Addressing the man in charge, he ostentiatiously presented it the ale to the men and said they could go and fetch it as they liked.

A few days afterward he happened to meet the foreman ageth, and mined the some way a suitable acknowledge ment of the bounty recently bestowed.

"Well, William, said the doner, with the air of a man who had granted an unspeakable favor, "did you and your men have that ale?"

"Oh, yes, sir, thank you, we had it." was the repix.

"That's right, and how did you lik it?" said the gentleman, desiring a warmer expression of gratitude.

"Oh, si, it was just the thing for us, was the rather vague response.

"Ha, that'll do, then. But what do you mean by just the thing."

"Atter all," said Mine, Galbigh, "it isn't ab been a little worse, we couldn't a drill deliver on the study and the solid and

er, without batting an eyelash, 'he ate me up, of course.'"

There is in a same

At a lunatic asylum once upon a time a fire took place, and what to do with the rescued inmates was a problem that confronted the attendants. It was finally solved by the acquisition of a lot of wheelbarrows. Each lunatic was allowed to take a barrow, and they were made to wheel them about in a circle until a place for their safe housing could be provided. The plan worked to a charm, but one stout and respectable middle-aged man, it was noticed, had his wheelbarrow turned upside down. This attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of a young woman onlooker, and finally she arrested his progress and inquired if he would tell her why he had his wheelbarrow upside down.

his courteous response. "If I turned it the other way some blankety blank fool would fill it up with dirt. Won't you take a barrow and join our circle?"

(Chicago Tribune.) Not many years ago if a man who could not number binself among the great ones of the earth fell into the habit of taking vacations he was likely to be regarded as either a trifler or a valetud-inarian. Now almost everybody has his inarian. Now almost everybody has his tew days off at some time during the year. Here and there, of course, one finds people who are kept at work without intermission. The retail clerks have been particularly unfortunate. Their day stretches far into the evening, their Sunday is anything but a holiday, and for many of them vavations never arrive. Occasionally, too, there are little children who are held in a kind of slavery and for whom all days and seasons have but one meaning. From such waste of the way of deliverance will be rough and tedious, but it is impossible to believe that society will not travel it. People have begun to believe that all work and no play has the same effect upon a nation as upon an individual. The best interests of the country demand shorter hours and longer vacations. There is in a southern city a colored shorter hours and longer vacations.

ause long ago a marriage took place ere. A willful maid of the days of our fathers had promised her mother that she would never marry any man on earth. At length the right man came and the maid lost her heart and was near breaking her promise. But she found the way out, and she never married a man on earth."

"It's a wonder," suggests the irrepressible funny boy, "that people don't come down here and be married just to say they have done it!"

"They used to do so," responds William, "but now the cave authorities have stopped that," and he gives a meaning look at the couple. The girl turns red again and the funny boy looks foolish.

William is not married and his heart seems to be stone. Usually he never worries very much how the ladies get over the rocks, and leaves that part entirely to the young men. However, it is rumored that at a recent visit of a is rumored that at a recent visit of a party William was sorely smitten with one of the chaperons. He helped her over the slightest obstructions and unfolded the mysteries of the cave in a way he had never done before.

Many say that when the party left they took the thoughts of William away with them.

Warmth Enough There. (Philadelphia Press.)